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GRAND NEW AND ORIGINAL

CHRISTMAS COMIC PANTOMIME

FOR 1874-5,

ENTITLED

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OR,

THE PRINCESS FAIR AND THE OGRE RAT,

THE MILLER'S MERRY SON, AND THE LITTLE MANX CAT.

By Mr. JOHN F. McARDLE.

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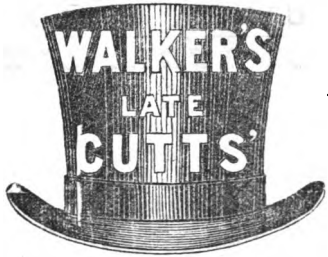

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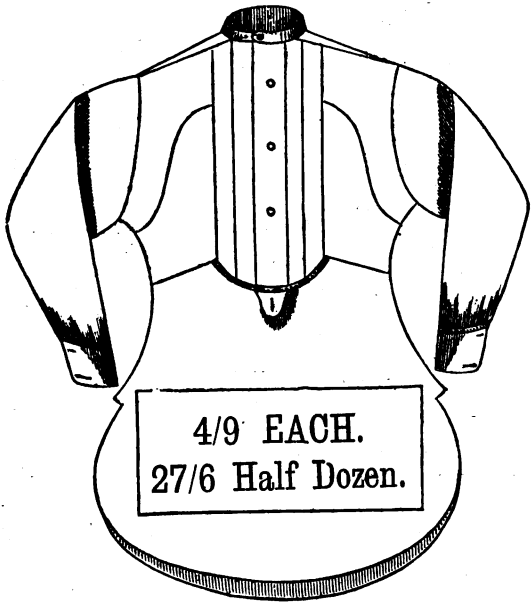

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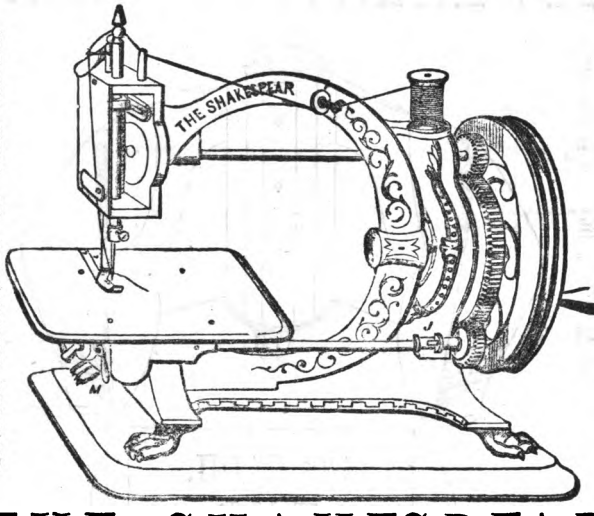

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PUSS IN BOOTS;

OR,

THE PRINCESS FAIR AND THE OGRE RAT, THE MILLER'S MERRY SON, AND THE LITTLE MANX CAT.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL

GRAND, GORGEOUS, AND GROTESQUE

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

SPECIALLY INVENTED AND WRITTEN FOR THE

ROTUNDA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

1874-5.

By Mr. JOHN F. McARDLE,

Author of the very successful Rotunda Pantomimes, "Babes in the Wood," and "Little Red Riding Hood."

The New and Magnificent Scenery specially Designed and Executed by Mr. LESTER SUTCLIFFE, Assisted by Mr. A. THORNE.

The Music Composed, Selected, and Arranged by Mr. C. WOOD.

The Comic Masks, &c., by Mr. A. B. BRADWELL, Drury Lane Theatre, London.

The Machinery and Mechanical Effects by Mr. J. KEELEY.

The Lime-Light Effects by Mr. CHAS. GRAY.

The Gorgeous and Grotesque Costumes by Mr. JAS. CARR, Miss MALLEY, Mrs. LORNE, and Assistants.

The Ancient Instruments supplied by Messrs. WARD & SON, St. Anne Street.

The Ballets Invented and Directed by Madlle. LA BLANCHE. The Comic Scenes Invented and Arranged by Mr. EDWARD TOWERS.

The Pantomime Directed by Mr. C. WOOD, Assisted by Mr. TURNER, under the immediate Superintendence of Mr. D. GRANNELL, PROPRIETOR.

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CHARACTERS.

Immortals:

Old Dame Trot (President of the Comical Kit-Kat Club, and Proprietress of Little Grimalkin, the Manx Cat, - MR. J. C. TURNER.

Old Mother Hubbard (who went to the Cupboard) - MR. W. GORDON.

Old Mother Wiggins (of Goosey Gander Celebrity) - MR. H. RIVERS.

Grimalkin (the Little Manx Cat) - - - - - - - TINY TIM.

afterwards

Puss in Boots - - - - - - - - MISS FANNY WISEMAN.

Tabbytha (the Grinning Cheshire Cat) - - MASTER J. FAIRCLOUGH.

Snarley-Yow (Mother Hubbard's Dog) - - - MASTER G. COOKE.

Wibbly-Wobbly (Mother Wiggins's Goosey Gander)-MASTER C. BURNIE.

Tiny } the Kittens { - - - - - - - - ,, W. COOPER.
Pinky } { - - - - - - - - ,, J. FRANKS.

Tortoise-Shell, Tiger-Tail, Tibby, Topsy, Totty, Spit-fire, Katterwaul, Old Tom, Mollrow, and a swarm of other Felines, by Members of the Kit-Kat Club.

Fairies:

Love - - - - - - - - - -	Love's favorite Attendants.	MISS ADA LUXMORE.
Hope - - - - -		MISS E. BOWERS.
Constancy - - -		MISS LA BLANCHE.
Truth - - - - -		MISS LAWTON.
Success - - - -		MISS ST. GEORGE.
Smile - - - - -		MISS SELINA HAYES.
Joy, Fortitude, Faith,		MISSES COOKE, ANDERSON, RAMSDEN,
Gaiety, Trust, Sincerity,		,, MOSEDALE, LILLY, LANGLEY,
Glance, Glamour, &c.&c.		,, MUIR, VIVIAN, &c., &c.

Mortals:

Jerry Joskin (the Millers' Merry Son) - - MISS ANNIE RICHARDSON.

Dick (his Elder Brother) - - - - - MR. EDWARD PARKER.

Tom (his Eldest Brother) - - - - - - MR. T. G. WARRY.

Solomon Sheepskin (a Notary) - - - - -MR. W. WARREN.

King Kolliwobble (the Consequential)- - - MR. FRANK EGAN.

Kurmudgin (his Lord High Chamberlain) - - - MR. A. THORNE.

Princess Amethyst - - - - - MISS JENNY HARDCASTLE.

Toffy } Pages. { - - - - - - - -MISS HETTY TOWERS.
Tiffy } { - - - - - - - - -MISS S. WALTON.

Royal Guards, Court Jesters, Attendants, Peasants, Reapers, &c., &c.

Demons:

The Ogre Grimgobblin (the Rapacious Rat) - - MR. W. SOUTH.

Cookie } his Attendants { - - - - - - - MISS M. DOBIE.
Turnspit } { - - - - - - - - - TINY TIM.

Bo-ghie } (his Demon Henchman) - - - BROTHERS ROLMAE.
Fo-ghie }

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PUSS IN BOOTS.

SCENE I.

ANTIQUE KITCHEN IN THE OLD MILL BY FIRELIGHT.

GRAND OPENING CHORUS BY KIT-KAT CLUB AND KATGUT ORCHESTRA.

Dame.—Hush! Don't make such a row, Cats. Stop your squalling,
You'll rouse the millers with your caterwauling.
'Tis now the very witching hour of night,
When churchyards yawn, and some folks reel home tight.
When on our cat preserves no mortal poaches,
Or on the hearth encroaches but cockroaches;
So, when my friends arrive, for whom I've sent,
We'll hold our Kit-Kat Club, or Parliament.
Your row has waked the baby in the cradle.
[Brings down cradle with kitten.
Go, bring me quick, the kitten's pap and ladle.
Drop it, now, Cheshire Cat, your grin I'll throttle,
You're very early taking to the bottle.
Now, come, this is too bad, you greedy chap,
You've drunk the soothing syrup and the pap;
Confound your impertence (Cat cries), no use such dinning,
You Cheshire Cat, I knew I'd stop your grinning.
[Beats him with ladle. Knock heard.
Nay, don't be frightened, cats! There, cease your row,
It's Mother Hubbard and her Snarleyyow;
[Enter Mother Hubbard,
Good night, good dame.

Mother H.—Good night, my dear Dame Trot,
Snarley, be civil! Just embrace the lot!
[Dog shakes hands and rubs noses all round.
That's a good dog as you've so courteous grown,
Here, in this cupboard, I'll find you a bone.
(Goes to cupboard.) There's *nil*—not *nicey bone-um!*

Dame.—I don't doubt it,
There are no bones—but make no bones about it.
Since in the cupboard you can't find a rap,
Snarley may come and taste my kitten's pap.
[Feeds Snarley. Knock at door.
Another knock! That's old Dame Wiggins, surely.
[Goes to door and admits Mother Wiggins and Goose.
Welcome, good dame. How are you?

Mother W.—Raythe poorly,
These ere rheumatics soon will be the death o' me,
Riding agen the wind doth take the breath o' me.

Dame.—(handing gin bottle.) There, try a drop.

Mother W.—Where did you get it from?

Dame.—That gin is branded with a cat—Old Tom.

Mother W.—It warmed my old heart's cockles just a crack.

Mother H.—How did you come, dear?

Mother W.—On my goose's back.
You drove on Snarleyyow then, I presume.

Mother H.—I scorned my dog-cart, and I rode my *Brougham.*

Dame.—(to Goose.) How's our friend, Wibbly Wobbly?—

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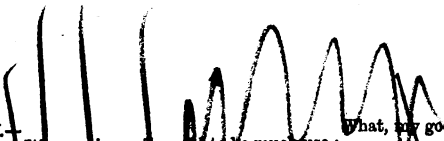

Mother W.— What, my goose
It's growing rather old to be much use;
It lays few fresh eggs now: exhausted nature
Can only furnish cradle eggs.
Dame.— Ah, poor creature!
Well, as you've all arrived, it's time we went
To work, and opened our Cat's parliament;
[Cats meouw, and arrange forms.
Ladies, be seated! (Topsy howls.) Topsy, why that wail?
Mother H.—The Cheshire cat is sitting on her tail.
Dame.—That Cheshire cat again! The rascal drat!
Mother H.—(Knocks him over.) You're not the cheese. Just you get out
o' that.
Mother W.—He says she hit him first.
Dame.— Don't b'lieve his fine tails;
That Cheshire cat shall taste the cat o' nine tails. (Takes chair.) By right of age, I take the speaker's chair,
My own Grimalkin, you're the clerk—sit there,
You must the duties do for love, not salary.
Mother H.—The dog and goose must take the stranger's gallery.
Dame.—Now, what is our first business on the *tappy*?
Mother H.—Cheshire knocked down, and still he is not happy.
(Sharp scuffle between Cheshire cat and the dog. Cat falls over cradle.)
Dame.—Why, what's up now?
Mother H.— My poor dog's tail he's bitten!
And sat upon the babby!
Dame.— Oh, the kitten!
To keep you still the cradle you shall rock.
Order! Now let's to work like one o'clock!
Ladies and gentlemen, old toms and tabbies,
Cats of all sorts and sizes, parents, babbies,
Your Kit-kat Parliament's the only place
Of that kind where *our* sex dare show our face.
Cats give us women's rights, for here the he males
Leave nearly all the talking to the females.
As to the laws, women should help to make them,
For man, without *our* help, would never break them.
[General applause
To man it is a source of some disgrace,
That he don't imitate the feline race.
Mother H.—You're wrong; in Lancashire, you know they do,
Like cats, a lot of *purring*.
Dame.— Very true.
That lamentable fact there's no concealin',
That style of purring proves they are unfeelin';
To this on *purr-puss* I am now referring—
The cat-o'-nine tails soon would stop the purring.
Cats.—Me-aou!
Dame.— The next and most important thing
To which our wit and wisdom we must bring,
Is the protection of the miller's son.
Mother W.—Which of the three boys?
Dame.— Oh, the youngest one.
[illegible]
He's very fond of cats, and my Grimalkin
Who lives here in the mill, is always talkin'
Of his kind acts—he lets it lick the pans,

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Unto its tail he never ties tin cans ;
He gives it lots of cream, and scraps of meat,
And never let's it wet its silky feet ;
And when "Grim" breaks a plate, or prigs the fat,
He doesn't go and say it was the cat ;
So, cats, whate'er your colours, ages, ranks,
To Jerry let us pass a vote of thanks.

[General applause.

Mother H.—Hush, not so loud, cats ! Don't your mellows squanderers
You'll waken him—he's in that closet yonder.

Dame.—Carried *nem con.* Now Jerry's dad, the miller,
Died recently and left a lot of silver ;
To seize it brothers Dick and Tom seem willing,
They'd cut poor Jerry off without a shilling.

[Chorus of indignation.

I knew your feelings would revolt at that.

Mother H.—But how to aid him ;

Dame.— I want some brave cat
To be his faithful friend, protector, guide,
And see him safe, whatever ills betide.
Poor as he is, we'll find him golden grist,
He shall wed the Princess Amethyst !

[Applause.

What cat will volunteer in Jerry's service ?
You, Tortoiseshell ?

Mother H.— Oh no, that cat's too nervous,
This Tigertail would do. What's that you say ?
His wife had four fine kittens yesterday ?

Dame.—The cares of family that cat excuse.
Well, my Grimalkin, sure you won't refuse !

[Grimalkin howls consent

That's right ! I knew you wouldn't.

Mother H.— You're a beauty,
To serve him were a pleasure, not mere duty.

Dame.—As a smart tiger, you must now get dressed,
Obey whatever Jerry may request.
Get one of Nicoll's best livery suits,
A pair of bluchers, too ! You're "Puss in Boots ;"
Your object's to protect this lad through life,
To see that he wins Amethyst for wife ;
And should the Ogre get him some big hobble in,
Be sure you rescue him from Old Grimgobblin.

Mother H.—Your paws on his behalf should never pause.

Mother W.—Come to the scratch, and prove them saving *claws*.

Dame.—That Ogre bring to some catastrophe—
His head, dear *cat, as trophy* bring to me,
And if you are o'erwhelmed by ogre rats,
Call on Dame Trot and my attendant cats !

[Sonneiferous appearance of the Miller's youngest son.

Behold your master !

Mother H. Happy now he seems.

Dame.—He's rambling in the land of Love's young dreams,
His cruel brothers have their feather bed,
While in this rat-hole Jerry rests his head ;
To cheer his heart, now give the lad a treat.

Mother H.—His brothers have tied walnuts to their feet,
The *shells* would *torture* 'em.

Dame.— Wall, nut at all,
Here, *Torture-shell*, why, you'll lead off the ball.

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Now, Cats, amuse him, cut your funniest capers,
Strike up your *mewsic*, wire in, catgut-scrapers!
GROTESQUE DANCE OF CATS.

Jerry.—Kiss cats!

Dame.—He wakes, now all skedaddle, quick,
Wiggins, your goose! and I'll mount my broomstick.
[Cats skurry
(Waving broomstick.) Dream on, sweet Jerry, though your dreams bewilder,
Build castles in the air, young Jerrybuilder!
(Mystical disappearance of Dame Trot, Hubbard, and Wiggins.)
[Jerry yawns, appears to wake, and comes down.

Jerry.—Have I been dreaming—where the cats were prowling,
I thought I heard some hundreds all a-howling,
Dancing in walnut-shells till all was blue:
There's only poor Grimalkin,—sleeping, too.
My faithful cat, the only friend I've left,
What would I do were I of you bereft?
I dreamt I got a glimpse of Amethyst,
That, as she passed, her hand to me she kissed,
And, as assurance that her heart was mine,
She sent me an enormous valentine.
It must have been a dream that told me so,
Jerry, your hopes will go to Jericho!

Song.—(Jerry.) . . . . . .
[During song scene changes.

SCENE II.

LOVE'S VALENTINE.

Jerry.—Hullo, where's this I am? Do I still dream?
How very strange to me this scene doth seem.
I dreamt I got a valentine and kiss, (turns)
And now, what do I see? why, what is this?
Here is a valentine, a big one, too?
I wonder whom it's for?
[Enter Love.

Love.— It's meant for you!
Jerry.—For me? Who sent it?
Love.— Guess, you cannot miss.
Jerry.—What, Amethyst!
Love.—(Kisses him.) She also sent you this.
Jerry.—A kiss from her?—how nice.
Love.—She sent you four of 'em.
Jerry.—I say, just try, have you got any more of 'em?
Love.—Plenty—but you must earn them.
Jerry.— That's the worst,
I am in earnest? give the kisses first.
But who are you?
Love.— What! Don't know who I am?
I'm Love, sweet Love!
Jerry.— Your sweet as raspb'ry jam.
Let's have another lick.
Love.—(Eluding him.) You must be quicker,
Small boys like you should not be served with *licker*.
I'm Love!—of mortal's life the light and leaven,
With me to aid, earth may be made like heaven;
I rule the kingdom of the human heart,

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My potent sceptre this electric dart;
When I strike home, I soften fortune's frowns,
Kings often lose their heads, forget their *crowns*;
I scorn all class distinctions, social ranks,
With peer and peasant, rich and poor, play pranks
Invade the palace, cheer the poor man's cottage,
Impart a relish to his mess of pottage;
No better friend than me each mortal hath,
I strew my roses on his thorny path,
Lighten his labours, castles build in air,
And smooth the wrinkles on the brow of care.
I know no laws, pay neither rates nor taxes,
And keep the world a rolling on its axis;
I laugh at locksmiths—bolts and bars defy—
Love is the only thing you cannot *buy!*

Jerry.—Nay, there you're wrong! It's true as well as funny
Your marriages are made a matter o' money.

Love.—Though Hymen's touch oft lights on golden locks,
No love *match* lights upon the money box.

Jerry.—High-men or low-men—that flame proves a scorcher
And Hymen's torch implies a life of *torcher*;
I'm very poor, and Love's true flame I've got,
But the fire of Love will never boil a pot.
I still want coals and candles, and alas,
Love never pays deposits on your gas—
And lovers waste a lot of gas.

Love.— But few
In such *gas*tronomy can equal you.
~~Let's hope that when the town acquires the right~~
To make the gas 'twill make the prices *light*.

Jerry.—They should return deposits.

Love. I'll engage,
They yet must pay for the burnt Landing Stage.

Jerry.—That was a burning shame.

Love.— An apt suggestion,
Who'll pay the bill becomes a burning question.

Jerry.—For what the town by their neglect has lost,
The gas deposits would just pay the cost.

Love.—Well, while they're haggling over the amount,
Just get a gas deposit on account.
(Latest Local Topics.)
This only proves that in this world, my sonny,
All things are possible for Love—or money.

Jerry.—As I've no money, then you can't do less,
Than just for love get me the fair Princess;
Our ranks aren't equal, still my stars I thank,
It can't be said that my offence is rank.

Love.—Love knows not rank, as I observed before,
Let that thought *rankle* in your breast no more.
Though cats and dogs you are so much above,
Even these lowly animals *you* love;
So Princess Amethyst——

Jerry.— Your drift I see,
May even love a sad young dog, like me.

Love.—Just so—you've hit the right nail on the head.

Jerry.—I trust my head will not get hit instead.

Love.—If to your hopes the girl did not incline,
Think you she'd send you this big valentine?

Jerry.—But does it open?

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Love.— That my special care is,
First I must show you Love's attendant fairies,
That Hope and Constancy may sweetly shine,
Love this reveals your fairy Valentine

SCENE III.

OPENING OF LOVE'S VALENTINE.

FAIRY CHORUS AND APPEARANCE OF HOPE.

Jerry.—Who's this?
Hope.— When with dark dangers you must cope,
I'll light your pathway with my star of hope.
I hope I see you well.
Jerry.— Indeed you do;
Hope.—I am the hope will always stick to you,
Love.—If you true love would keep, ingenuous youth,
Always respect this lovely fairy, Truth!
(Love introduces Truth.
Jerry.—This Truth's worth sticking to, but, truth to tell,
I hear Truth *lies* at bottom of a well.
Love.—With Hope and Truth Love also would combine
The strength of Constancy—this gift be thine;
(Love introduces Constancy.
Constancy.—Whenever tempted from the path afar,
Be ever constant to Love's radiant star.
Hope.—I hope he will. If he would have me light
His pathway through the world, both day and night,
To his heart's mistress he must still be true.
Truth.—Truth is his guarantee.
Hope.— He's safe with you.
If truth and honour be his constant aim,
Hope's star will ever burn with brighter flame.
I'll lead him on through dangers that betide,
Until he woos and wins a royal bride.
Truth.—One truth, I hope, through all he won't forget——
Faint heart hath never won fair lady yet.
Constancy.—My constancy will give our youthful friend
Strength to pursue his purpose to the end.
Jerry.—~~With Love, Hope, Truth, and Constancy—success~~
Is all I want to win the fair princess.
Hope.—Success depends upon yourself. To that
You will be aided by your favourite cat.
Jerry.—My own Maltese cat—Grimalkin—little Grim?
Hope.—He'll serve you now, as you've befriended him.
Love.—To your bright object and yourself be true,
And trust to Love and Hope to pull you through.
Jerry.—What lovely fairies! What a realm of bliss!
I never saw a valentine like this!
Are they all real? Will the fairies dance
Love.—Be seated, and your senses they'll entrance;
Love's willing satellites their joys will prove.
Pursue your fairy revels—all for Love!

GRAND BALLET.

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SCENE IV.

KITCHEN OF THE OLD MILL.

Jerry.—What time is it, I wonder? Luckless elf,
Again I've been and overslept myself.
How dreamy I do feel! my poor brain teem,
With fancies woven in the land of dreams.
I dreamt that from my sleep I just awoke,
And saw—of course it was a splendid joke—
A lovely valentine, and oh—such bliss,—
'Twas sent me by the Princess with a kiss;
Love somehow put the notion in my head,
That some day soon the Princess I should wed,

[Cat enters.

And that I should be aided in my suits,
By this Manx cat dressed in a pair of boots.
Of course 'twas all a dream—why, lawks a mussy,
Here is the Manx cat—how are you, poor pussy?
Fancy yourself, Puss, in a pair of boots,
Dressed like the tigers in tight-fitting suits;
The notion makes me laugh, care kills the cat,
Grim, like a Cheshire cat, laugh and grow fat.

LAUGHING DUET, JERRY AND PUSS.

Jerry.—My troubles are great,
But I'm happy to state
I laugh at misfortune,
And frolic with fate.
You know my own pussy.
'Twas "care killed the cat,"
So while I am able,
I'll laugh and grow fat.
Of Fortune I'm master,
Look fate in the face,
And take each disaster
With courage and grace.
The cats good example
Show mortals in that:
For grins get a sample
From some Cheshire cat.

Refrain.—There's some Cheshire cats laugh, ha, ha,
While others just laugh, he, he, he!
So, jolly millers laugh,
When they hear a bit of *chaff*,
Go, he, he, he, he, he, he.

Jerry.—With laughing and chaff,
Why, this miller will quaff,
The cup of misfortune,
And stick to his laugh.
He'll still grin and bear it,
Whatever betide,
And fates hardest buffets,
He'll ever deride.
I'll always be merry,
Take things as they come,
Fates knocks may be very
Unwelcome to some.
But grieving don't cure them,
When too thick by half;
I'll try to endure them,
It's better to laugh!

Repeat refrain.

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You're hungry, are you? Would my brothers milk
My own poor pussy of its drop of milk?
(*Gives milk.*) Here, pussy, here's my breakfast, milk and
porridge,
Take it, and for my grub elsewhere I'll forage.
Since my poor father died, a month ago,
Poor Jerry Sneakin has stood many a blow.
My elder brothers starve me, beat me sore,
And want to drive me from my father's door.
This morning Lawyer Sheepskin read the will,
And then we'll see who'll get my father's mill.
(Enter Millers, followed by Tom and Dick.)

Tom.—Wake up, you drowsy knaves, or off you pack.
Dick.—Hurry the bags up, or you'll get the sack.
Tom.—(*to Jerry.*) And you, you sleepy lout, you're yawning yet,
A nice example to the men you set.
Dick.—Get ye to work—let's have no more delay.
Tom.—Or else we'll turn you out this very day,
You and your ugly tailless useless cat.
Jerry.—Just leave my cat alone!
Tom.—(About to beat cat.) I won't.
Jerry.—(Rushing on him.) Take that!
They fight. Jerry floors them, and knocks over
Sheepskin.)
Sheep.—I hope I don't intrude. I'll call again.
Jerry. (Over Tom and Dick.) When you have had enough say when
Tom & Dick.—
When, when!
Sheep.—When disengaged I'll read your father's will,
As it's a lawyer's work—I've brought the bill.
Tom.—Read the will first. Whoever gets the mill
Will have the decency to square your bill.
Sheep.—Your jolly father put his will in verse you see,
It's his old tune, "THE MILLER OF THE DEE."
(Sings items of will. Air, "Miller of the Dee.")
Sheep.—I've read the will! The bill be pleased to pay.
Tom.—No, as you've got a will, just get away!
[Chase him out.
Tom.—The mill is mine, hooray! And all that's in it,
You'll have to turn out, Jerry, ay, this minnit.
Dick.—Oh, father, you've brought me to a pretty pass,
To die and leave me nothing but an ass.
Jerry.—You donkey, your allowance mine surpasses,
He always knew you were so fond of asses.
Dick.—None of your cheek, young Jerry!
Tom.—Ah, stow that!
Out of this house skedaddle with your cat.
Clear out at once! your cat won't find a sale,
The wretched animal ain't got no tail.
Jerry.—Leave it alone! Just touch it if you dare.
Dick.—To take it out of this at once prepare!
Tom.—To settle Jerry's cat—'twould be a proper
Catastrophe to put it in the copper!
Brothers put Cat in the copper.
Jerry chases them out.)
Jerry.—My poor cat scalded! (Lifts it out.
(Puss in Boots enters.) What is this, Grimalkin!
Oh, dear, who's that?
Puss.—Your cat!

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Jerry.—My cat? And talking?
Puss.—Talking and walking on my two hind legs,
To serve you faithfully Grimalkin begs.
Jerry.—My Puss in Boots! And like a tiger dressed!
Puss.—Cats own the tiger tribe, it is confessed.
Jerry.—But why this change?
Puss.— You've saved my life, for that
This cat will save you from the Ogre Rat;
I twig what you are at—and I'll befriend you,
Wherever you may go, I will attend you.
Jerry.—I'd seek my fortune, leave my father's mill.
Wilt join me?
Puss.— Puss in Boots awaits your will.
You love sweet Princess Amathast! You start.
Jerry.—How know you this?
Puss.— Cos I can read your heart.
A cat you know, may look right at a king,
This cat the Princess to your feet will bring.
Jerry.—You will?
Puss.— What cat dare do, I dare—though small,
Who dare do more is not a cat at all.
Let's off at once, your cruel brothers shunting.
To-day the king and princess go a hunting.
I'll bring you to her, at your soft appeals,
I'll make her fall in love head over heels.
Jerry.—But I've no decent clothes, no lands, no pelf
Puss.—Leave that to me, you see I dressed myself.
As for the money, just go in to win,
You find the cheek and brass, I'll get the tin
Jerry.—Your hand—my Puss in Boots—let's off.
Puss.— Sing small,
Cats never go without a *cater*waul.

DUET. JERRY AND PUSS.

Jerry.—Now let us get upon our way,
Our time we mustn't lose:
You've got a pair of boots to-day,
So I must get new shoes.
Let's go and seek our fortune, Puss,
And leave the dear old mill,
My brothers have been hard to us,
But we'll be merry still!
Refrain.—We're bound to make a jolly lot of money.
If we don't it will be really very funny;
We must no longer tarry,
Or our plans may all miscarry,
The princess I'm to marry, but say how?
Puss. Oh, Mieow!

SCENE V.

THE VILLAGE AND OLD MILL STREAM.
Enter Jerry, followed by Puss.

Jerry.—Come on, I'm ready, Puss! yet wait until
I take another look at our old mill,
Excuse a tear. Good bye, old mill, good by
Puss.—Excuse you, master?—why it makes *me* cry.
Jerry.—Round goes the wheel, and round the flowing sail.
Puss.—To raise the wind, you want the stirring gale.

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Jerry.—And while the mill sails are a flowing round,
The grist that's in the mill is being *ground*;
The water-wheel still turns while waters flow.
Puss.—'Tis fortune's wheel that turns for weal or woe.
Jerry.—Good bye, old parish pump! Old church, good bye,
With golden finger pointing to the sky.
Good bye, the alehouse, quaint old "Jumping Fox;"
No more I'll pay my footing in the stocks.
Good bye, old smithy—we must now make tracks,
Crispin, no more I'll dread your cobbler's *whacks*,
Farewell, sweet hamlet!
Puss.— Come, now don't be swerving,
Don't talk of *Hamlet* so, it is *un-Irving*.
Jerry.—Where'er I wander, I will often dream,
Of happy days beside yon old mill stream.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Air—"*The Old Mill-stream.*"

Jerry.—Many years my father was a miller,
Jolly miller of the Dee;
I know he made a pretty lot of siller,
But not a cent did he leave to me.
But I don't grieve, though forced to leave,
I'll visit in each dream,
Where I have played and often strayed,
There down by the old mill stream.
Chorus—Ah! down by the old mill-stream,
Of many happy hours I'll dream,
Strolling day by day we passed the time away,
Down by the old mill-stream.
Jerry.—Sent from home, wherever I am roaming,
In a strange and distant place,
I'll think of when I wandered in the gloaming,
There adown by our old mill-race.
My heart will yearn, my eyes will turn,
To catch the joyful gleam;
Of the sinking sun when the day was done,
Flashed back from the old mill-stream.

Repeat Chorus.

Puss.—Cheer up, young master; on our way let's go,
Upon the mill-pond don't you ponder so.
If you doat on the stream, before you start
Suppose you take a bathe.
Jerry.— With all my heart,
You'll mind my clothes, come on! I'll have a swim.
Puss.—All things will then go swimmingly with him.

[Exeunt.

Enter Tom and Dick with Donkey.

Tom.—Here, I say, Dicky, as you're second brother,
Why father left this donkey.
Dick.— You're another.
You've got the mill, cos you're the eldest bloke,
But I'll not be contented with the moke.
Tom.—The donkey's all you'll get, it's your fair whack;
To market you must carry me this sack.
Dick.—I'm not your servant, nor, at any price,
To take this sack my pride I'll *sacrifice*.
Tom.—What, dare you disobey your elder brother?
This moke's your legacy—you'll get no other

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Dick.—I must have half the mill.
Tom.— You shant!
Dick.—(Squaring up.) I will!
I'll fight you for it. Let us *half* the mill.
Tom.—Hit one of yer own size!
Dick.— Oh, you long flunkey.
Come on, I'll box you both! you and the donkey,
I'm ready for ye! One down, tother come on!
[Donkey scampers off.
Dick.—Hullo! Stop thief! Police! My donkey's gone.
[Run off after donkey.

(*Enter the two pages Toffy and Tiffy with tray and cloth. Tiffy lays it R.*)

Tiffy.—This is the place we were to lay the cloth.
Toffy.—(shifting it.) I say, you're wrong—it's no use getting wroth.
Tiffy.—It shan't be laid there! Here's the proper spot!
Toffy.—Give me the tray. (*Tray falls.*) There now, you've smashed the lot!
Tiffy.—Oh, goodness gracious! Won't they give us fits.
Toffy.—I say, suppose that we pick up the bits.
Tiffy.—All right. Let's share the blame. What say you, Toff?
Toffy.—Agreed, I find my anger's quite gone off.
Tiffy.—The king will be upon us in a jiffy.
Toffy.—Well, here's my hand, and Toffy bows to Tiffy.
Tiffy.—We've joined our hands, our feet we should unite.
Toffy.—What? in a lively measure? Ah! you're right.

PAGES' DANCING DUET.

Air—"*Lily of the Valley.*"

1st Page.—Will you come and take a ramble in the valley,
To a pretty cottage where the roses twine,
At the turning of a sweet laburnum alley,
Lives the lovely maiden who'll be ever mine.
She's the sweetest rose you ever did see,
The flow'ret of the vale;
And she is all the world to me,
My love can never fail.
And if you'd like to scent this flower,
Come take a stroll with me;
And from the little garden bow'r,
She'll sweetly smile on thee.
Refrain.—She's the lily of the valley,—(dance)
And the flower of the woodland alley,—(dance)
If you come and take a ramble, &c.
2nd Page.—I'll be glad—indeed, to me 'twill be a pleasure,
This fair lily of the valley now to see,
If she's all you say, she is indeed a treasure,
And I only hope that you will both agree.
But beware—the rose may hide a thorn,
Will rankle in your heart;
The lily, sweet and pure at morn,
With innocence may part.
The rustic bloom that tints her cheek,
May pale and fade away;
Then vainly in the bower you'll seek,
The floweret so gay.

Repeat Refrain
[Horn heard.

Tiffy.—Here comes the king! He blows the royal trumpet.
Toffy.—Shan't we drop in for it. We'd better stump it.
(*March. Enter King, Princess, Kurmudgin, and Attendants.*)

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KING KOLLIWOBBLE'S LAMENT.

King.—I'm a miserable creature,
And as wretched as can be,
Now, I ask, did you ever eat your
Boots from sheer necessity?
To that strait I shall be driven,
My apparel eat as well,
For the joke I'd be forgiven—
It's without a parallel.

Chorus.—I'm { He's } a miserable king,
For { I / he } can't find any thing,
To hunt or shoot for each fowl and brute,
From the wood has taken wing.

This morning we have hunted,
But we've not been taking game;
The partridges have shunted,
So it's no use taking *aim*;
We can't find hare or rabbit.
For our royal appetite;
No fish would let us nab it,
So we have'nt had a bite.

Repeat Chorus.

King.—Foresters, sound your cheerful horn no more,
You frighten all the game off with the roar.
I'll never hunt again, it's all no use,
Repealing game laws plays the very deuce.
Unless they are stuck on again, each peasant
Will daily dine off partridge, grouse, or pheasant;
For foxes, hares, they'll lay successful snares,
They'll all go *rabid*, madly take March *airs*.

Princess.—This morn the deer seem staggered, ran away.

King.—You are the only dear we've got to-day.

~~*Kurmudgin.*~~—My liege look yonder—by your royal leave,
I spot a stag—or else my eyes deceive.

[Dick and donkey pass at back.

King.—A stag! give me my gun!

~~*Kurmud.*~~—That's it—now, sire!
The stag is coming—shut your eyes—quick, fire!

[King fires. Donkey falls and brays

King.—I h it, eh

~~*Kurmud.*~~—I can't tell for the smoke.

Dick.—Who shot the donkey? Some one's killed my moke.

King.—Your donkey, young un; donkey did you say?

Kurm.—It was a deer.

Dick.—And dearly you must pay,
He's my pet moke—I loved him like a brother.

King.—I must say that you're very like each other.

Kurm.—Donkeys are regular game, my liege.

King.—(striking.) I see
Take that! Don't you make reg'lar game of me.
Now let's to lunch.

Princess.—For that in vain you'll look,
We have'nt captured any game to cook.

Kurmud.—My liege, you know our hunt was all no use.

King.—Shut up, Kurmudgin, or we'll cook your goose.
Right to my heart the pang of hunger shoots,
I feel so famished I could eat my boots.

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Dick.—Before you're brought to such a dreadful pass,
You've killed—suppose you cook and eat the ass.
Kurmud.—From that extremity you're saved at last,
My liege, I nabbed this poacher as he passed,
[He brings down Puss with wallet and rabbit.]
Puss.—I am no poacher, sire; accept this rabbit.
I knew your habit.
King.— Rabbit! Nab it Grab it!
Puss.—Nay, sire. This present—take it all the same,
I can get plenty more from where that came.
King.—Indeed? If you our royal game thus collar,
No wonder that in vain the chase we foller.
Where did you get the game?
Puss.— My master sent it,
And as a royal present he has meant it.
King.—We thank him for his present, sir; here, Tiffy,
Just get the rabbit cooked up hot and spiffy.
[Scuffle between Tiffy and Toffy.
A nice Welsh rabbit? See you quickly bring,
A dainty dish to set before a king.
[But who's your master, that we have to thank?
Puss.—He is a noble of the highest rank.
Princess.—Is he good looking?
Puss.— Oh, a regular beauty.
Princess.—Bring him at once.
King.— Princess, just mind your duty.
We really are surprised to see this rapture.
Princess.—A nice young man? I hope to make a capture.
King.—His name and title?
Puss.—(Aside.) Oh, stay, let me see,
If I must give him a name—what shall it be?
[(Aloud.) My lord is famous as the good and great
Marquis of Carabas, and his estate
Is so extensive, kingdoms 'twould comprise.
Princess.—Where does it lie?
Puss.—(Aside.) Like me it widely lies.
(Aloud.) It lies just over there—no, here—
King.— I doubt,
If this estate ain't lying all about.
You say he's rich?
Puss.— His wealth is quite untold;
He's plenty brass—and Abyssinian gold.
Princess.—Go fetch him, then, at once. [Puss bows and exits.
I long to know him.
King.—Daughter, be dignified! Love don't you show him.
If he's as handsome as he's rich, perhaps
We'll favour him more than your other chaps.
Princess.—I don't know why—my heart feels so unsteady,
I'm deep in love with this young man already.
(*Music. Re-enter Puss quickly.*)
Puss.—Thieves! Murder! Fire!
King.— Why kick up all this bobbery?
Puss.—My master is the victim of a robbery.
King.—How did it happen?
Puss.— Underneath his nose,
While he was bathing, some one stole his clothes.
King.—What, stole his togs?
Puss.— Alas, to see your daughter
He cannot come. He's shivering in the water.

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Princess.—Can't come to us? Then let us go to save
This marquis from his very wat'ry grave.
Ropes here, quick, quick! [Gets rope.
Puss.— Don't pull him out.
King.—Miss, just remember! Mind what you're about.
Puss.—He can't come out just yet—he's got no clothes.
Princess.—Oh, I forgot.
Puss.—(to King.) You've got some, I suppose!
King.—Of course we have. Now, Tiffy, Toffy, quick!
From our own wardrobe all the best clothes pick,
With all the richest togs the marquis dress,
So that he's fit to meet our sweet Princess.
[Pages exeunt with Puss.
Now while they're gone this nice young man to tog,
~~Kummudgin~~, serve up lunch, and pass the grog.
Princess.—My heart's in such a flutter of delight;
If he is only handsome all is right.
(*Flourish. Puss ushers in Jerry followed by pages.*)
King.—Ah, he is coming! Clear the way, you ass.
Puss.—Room for the noble Marquis Carabas!
Princess.—Oh, what a scrumptious swell! [Aside.
King.—(Advancing to meet him.) He *is* a toff.
The king salutes the marquis.
Puss.— Here, hats off.
Jerry.—My liege, I looks towards you, likewise bows.
Princess, your most obedient.
[Omnes cheer.
King.— Stop your rows.
Marquis of—
Puss.— Carabas.
King.— I missed the name,
We thank you for the present of the game;
The rabbit will be served up in a trice.
Jerry.—I hope that you will find it very nice;
(aside) Puss prigged the game, it's cheap at that ere price.
King.—We sent for you, at our express command,
Now pray sit down by Amethyst's right hand;
Jerry.—How can I then appreciate the honour,
(aide) My heart is throbbing, when I look upon her.
Princess.—(aside) Oh, ain't he nice! (aloud) Sit nearer to me, please.
Jerry.—Here, at thy feet I kneel.
Puss.—(aside to Jerry.) Get off your knees,
Don't get too warm—now do as I desire,
Or else you'll have the fat all in the fire.
King.—~~Now serve the rabbit, and the sweet milk punch,~~
~~Our jesters will amuse us while we lunch.~~
~~(GRAND FOLLY BALLET BY THE COURT JESTERS.)~~
King.—Marquis, yer health—fill up—the pleasure o' wine with you,
I don't mind daily coming here to dine with you—
I drink yer health, my girl you yet may wed,
I fear the rabbit's got into my head.
Jerry.—Sweet Amethyst, I love you? [Aside.
Princess.—(Aside to him.) Love me true!
I don't mind owning it, and I love you?
King.—Give us yer hand, ole fellow—wish ye joy,
Jerry.—My suit you favour?
King.— I believe you, my boy,
For he's a jol' good fellow! Here, I say,
~~Three cheers for our new son-in-law—hooray~~
Before we let you have our daughter's hand,
Say, where are your estates?

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Hammond.— Ay, where's your land
It is not anywhere upon the map,
Your name's in no directory, young chap.
King.—Just point it out!
Jenny.— Your eyes shut, open your mouth,
It's west—no, east—
Puss.—(Coming to his relief.) No, it lies north by south;
You know the Isle of Man, I come from there.
King.—I hear the cats have got no tails to spare.
Jerry.—My cat's *tail's* long enough. Just cut it short.
(aside) What shall I say?
Puss.—(aside) For crammers I'm your sort.
The size of his estates he quite forgets—
But in his land the sun it never sets,
And never rises, if it comes to that.
Jerry.—As there is nought to rise upon, that's flat.
Puss.—Shut up. You'll spoil it all!—Sire, if you look—
Just there, you'll see his lands—that's with a hook.
Between those distant hills you see a cleft?
King.—Where? over to the right?
Puss.— No, o'er the left,
You see a splendid castle, big and grand,
Standing amongst its own well-wooded land?
Well, that's where master lives!
King.— No, you don't say?
I thought the Ogre lived there.
Puss.— What ogre, pray;
King.—Grimgobblin, and the fiercest of his race,
Puss.—He's like a cat, they say.
He's left the place;
My master bought him out, lock, stock, and barrel.
And there he keeps his gold and grand apparel;
He wants you now to come, you can't do less,
Than visit him, and bring the sweet Princess.
Jerry.—Shall be delighted! (Aside.) I say, draw it mild.
King.—We are delighted, too; aren't we, sweet child.
Puss.—Well, if you're ready, why at once we'll start.
King.—Another nip, I'm ready to depart.
We'll visit this grand castle—here's your health—
And if it's true you've such tremendous wealth,
And if my ~~Amethyst~~ will have you—there,
We'll take you as our son-in-law and heir.
Puss.—Agreed, the bargain's struck. (Aside) Cheer up, my hearty,
I'll get the castle ready for your party.
Jerry.—Thanks, Puss. I trust to you. You go before us.
King.—Well, ere we start, we'll have a jovial chorus!

QUINTETTE.

Air—"*Pull yourself together.*"

King.—Now, marquis, to your palace grand,
You'd better lead the way;
We'd like to test, you understand,
If all is true you say.
Princess.—Believe him, pa, you should not doubt,
The Marquis Carabas.
Kurmudgin.—Nay, many a lion's been found out,
To be nothing but an ass.
Jerry.—Come, my liege, we'll all go there together,
It's not far, just there, across the heather;
Once at home you needn't fear the weather;
My tide of fortune's turned at last!
Chorus repeat, "*Come my liege,*"

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Puss (to Jerry. - Well, if you're ready I will act,
As agent in advance ;
What's only fancy I'll prove fact,
If I only get the chance.
Jerry (to Puss.)—You've got me rather in a mess.
Oh, do be careful, Puss,
We'll get found out, exposed unless—
Then won't there be a muss !
Chorus. Come, my liege, we'll all go there together.

SCENE VI.

GATES OF THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

Enter the Ogre Grimgobblin.

Grim.—My name's Grimgobblin, on the Grampian hills
I often bust myself with Holloway's Pills,
And when, as now, right peckish I do feel,
I bolt a score of young kids at a meal !
Let's see now just how much there is to eat—
I caught a bobby courting off his beat,
He ogled a fat cook, so, nothing loth,
I nabbed the pair, and mean to cook 'em both.
I've got nine naughty children now a-roasting,
Two greedy aldermen are also toasting ;
A tax-collector, who screwed poor folks down,
In Nabob sauce is being now done brown.
I've got a biggorant School-Board Inspector,
A piff'ring 'bus guard, and a railway d'rector,
Who wouldn't lower the third-class fares ; no doubt,
As first-class fare for me he will turn out.
I've got some babies turning at the fire,
But still a sweeter morsel I require ;
My appetite will never rest, unless
I catch and cook the lovely sweet Princess.
She always 'scapes me, often though I follow her,
I love her so—Ugh, how I'd like to swallow her.
OGRE'S LOVE SONG. (Knocks at door.)
Grim.—Now, for my meal ! (Knocks loudly.)
Cookie & Turnspit—Who's there ?
Grim.—(Savagely.) The Ogre Rat.
Cookie.—We didn't recognise the loud rat-tat.
Grim.—You didn't, eh ? Well, baked in mutton-pies,
Your mother won't her offspring recognise.
Serve up my dinner. Quick ! The joints be carving.
I'll spit you both, ye loons ! Look sharp. I'm starving.
(*Enters Castle. Enter Dicky Dumpling.*)
Dick.—My donkey shot ! Turned out of house and home,
Like poor young Jerry, I'm obliged to roam ;
I never thought that this would come to pass,
Although folks think me stupid as an ass.
SONG. Air "Stupid as a Donkey."
Hullo, in this big castle, I may find a place.
(Knocks). I'll knock !
Grim.—(Pops head out) Who's there ?
Dick.— Law, what an ugly face !
Grim.—What do ye say ?
Dick.—(Trembling.) I didn't mean it, Sir.
I'm in for it ! I'll hook it.
Grim.—(Coming out and seizing him.) You don't stir,
You want a place ?

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Dick.— I do.
Grim.— Wilt turn a spit?
Dick.—I can do that.
Grim.— I'll make you turn a bit.
One turn deserves another—you shall turn,
But on the spit yourself you'll have to burn!
Dick.—Oh, mercy, mercy—help me, brother Jerry,
I am too young and tender.
Grim.— Are you?
Dick.— Very.
Grim.—Well, all the better -I don't like beef tough.
Come on, no nonsense—don't you cut up rough.
(Ogre chases Dick, into Castle.)

Enter Dame Trot.

Dame.—There, Dickey's settled, for he'll soon be sticking,
On the big spit—oh won't he prove nice picking!
Well, serves him right, he ne'er was kind to us—
~~And would have scalded Jerry's little Puss!~~
(DAME'S SONG.)
But here comes faithful Puss, I'll step aside
And hear what news my movements may decide.
(Retires.)

Enter Puss in Boots.

Puss.—I'm out of breath, I've run ahead so fast,
But never mind, so I'm safe here at last.
I told the people all along the way,
What to the king exactly they should say.
Whatever woods or lands he'll chance to pass,
They'll say they're owned by Marquis Carabas.

Re-enter Dame Trot.

Dame.—Bravo, my Puss in Boots. Your work you've done,
Most nimbly up to now. When you have won
Your way into the castle, killed the rat,
I'll say you are a most astounding cat.
Puss.—How had I best apply?
Dame.— Knock at the gate,
And say upon his table you would wait;
He wants a smart young page, and plump, like you,
You ask him for the berth, he'll say you'll do;
And when you've got inside, mind what you're at,
If you persuade him to become a rat,
Only for just a minute, you know what.
Puss.—Why, pounce upon and kill him on the spot!
Dame.—That's it. You know the way a cat contrives.
Puss.—If he should kill and cook me.
Dame.— You've nine lives.
You'll still have eight lives left, and those you owe
Your master, who for cats his love did show.
Farewell, if ever you require my aid,
You know the signal. [Exit.
Puss.—(Going to door.) Right! I'm not afraid,
Nothing like courage. So here goes! [Knocks.
Ogre.—(Popping head out.) Who's there.
Puss.—It's only me. Oh, lauk! how he does stare!
Ogre.—What do you want!
Puss.— I want a servant's place,
To wait at table.
Ogre.— You'd the table grace.
(aside.) Another young and unsuspecting victim.

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Puss.—(aside.) He little fancies how I've nicely tricked him.
Ogre.—What wages do you want?
Puss.— A pound a year,
I'll find myself in clothes—you find the beer.
Ogre.—Oh, yes, I'll find the *beer* in moderation,
I'll save your *bier*, by trying incremation.
Just step aside, and wait on me at dinner.
Puss.—I'm ready! (aside) See me trap the bloated sinner.
[Enters castle

Enter Jerry and Princess.

Jerry.—We have outstripped your father up the hill,
Now is my chance. (kneels) Princess, I love thee still,
Wilt thou be mine? All mine?
Princess.— There's one condition,
My father says we wed if you're a rich 'un.
This castle, is it yours?
Jerry.— 'Tis yours to share,
I've built a lot of castles—in the air,
Of Ayrshire I the area have got,
So I'm the *air*-apparent to the lot.
Princess.—Oh, can this tale be true?
Jerry.— Nay, trust to me,
If my tale isn't true, it ought to be.
(Love Duet. After which enter King, Kurmudgin, &c.)
King.—Why did you run away, you two? You know
You walked too quickly.
Princess.— Nay, you walked too slow.
King.—Don't be impertinent, dear Amethyst.
Kurm.—My eyesights weak, I thought I saw her kissed.
Princess.—I kiss the marquis? what a fib, you muff.
Kurm.—Well, then, you let him kiss you, fast enough.
King.—Kisses or misses, if his castle this is,
The marquis shall my daughter have for missis.
Jerry.—Thanks sir, this castle and the riches in it,
I'll show to your astonished eyes this minute,
Sweet Amethyst shall share it all, my lass,
You shall be Marchioness of Carabas.
King.—Just think of that. Why, as we came along,
The peasants all repeated the same song.
The woods and fields, through which we had to pass,
All were, they said, the lands of Carabas!
He's worth some millions, if he's worth a tanner.
Kurm.—I hope he'll spend 'em in a lib'ral manner.
King.—Though rich in land, he doesn't sport much tin.
Kurm.—This is his house, why don't he ask us in?
Jerry.—I'm waiting for Grimalkin.
Princess.— Who is that?
King.—Grimalkin, that's another name for cat.
Jerry.—Cat? No, my servant by that name I call.
King.—Hadn't we better knock.
Jerry.—(Frightened, intercepts him.) Oh, not at all!
(aside) The Ogre Rat has killed poor pussy, maybe.
Kurm.—I'll knock 'em up. (about to knock.
Jerry.—(alarmed) Oh, don't, you'll wake the baby.
Princess.—Baby? I didn,t think—that you were married.
Jerry.—Baby? No, I mean bull-dog! Why's he tarried.
The castle's not quite ready, soon we'll call.
Kurm.—I don't think that the castle's his at all.
Jerry.—I'm getting nervous, what if something's wrong.

Re-enter Puss from Castle.

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Puss.—Come in! Step softly!
King.— Why this caution take?
Ain't this place his?
Puss.— The baby you may wake.
Princess.—Babies again! How's this?
Jerry.— You stupid gaby,
You know you mean the bull-dog, not the baby.
Puss.—Step lightly, I must put you in the cellar
Princess.—The cellar!
Puss.— Till the hall's prepared.
King.— Young feller,
None of your larks.
Puss.— The cellar's full of liquor.
King.—Oh, that's another thing, I'm not a sticker,
At trifles, you may put me in a sink,
So long as I am somewhere near the drink.
[Mysterious Chorus, and Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE VII.

RAMPARTS OF GRIMGOBLIN'S CASTLE.

Grim.—Now this is what I call enjoying life.
You never catch me bothered with a wife;
I've had a lot of wives, though, in my time,
But, as I look on ugliness as crime,
When they began to get somewhat ill-favoured,
Or else with pepper were too highly flavoured,
I cooked and gobbled 'em, took no excuse—
That's putting wives, *I* think, to some good use.
Enter Puss.
Where have you been?
Puss.—(timidly) To the cellar, for a bottle.
Grim.—I've half a mind this youngster here to throttle,
Polish him off, by way of mild dessert.
It seems a pity he should come to hurt,
I don't feel hungry either, not just now.
Say, can you sing?
Puss.— Well, I can make a row.
I do a step or two in boots or shoes,
I can do many things that might *amuse.*
Grim.—You can't do one thing, though.
Puss.— What's that, good master?
Grim.—Just change your form as quick as lightning, faster.
Puss.—Can you do that?
Grim.—(drinking) Can I? Just keep your eye on
This giant form, I'll change into a lion.
[Changes into a lion.
Don't that astonish you?
Puss.— Well, not so much,
Changing to lions is an easy touch.
You're such a big beast—it is easy that,
You cannot change to a small mouse or rat.
Grim.—Not change to mouse or rat! That you suppose;
I am a rat by nature, so here goes.
[Changes into Rat.
Puss.—You've kept your word. You are indeed a rat,
But I'm your match at last, for I'm a cat!!
[Puss kills the Ogre Rat.
Puss.—Hurrah! The Ogre Rat is dead at last!
The castle is young Jerry's!

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Enter Dick.

Dick.—(Advancing with sword.) Not so fast!
I'm in possession—that's nine points of the law.
Enter Cooks and Ogre's men.
Come on, my men, this fellow killed your master,
I am your gov'nor now through this disaster.
Puss.—Nay, wicked Dicky Dumpling, cease your bother,
I claim this castle for your younger brother.
Dick.—Stick to me, men! We're not a lot of flats!
Puss.—Help me, Dame Trot! And send your fairy cats.
[Flourish. Great Moll-rowing, Enter crowd of Cats
Fight between cats and Dick's men.
(*Striking tableau.*)

SCENE VIII.

EXTERIOR OF CASTLE WITH WOOD.

Enter Dick hastily.

Dick.—The castle is surrounded,—coward rats,
To be thus beaten by a lot of cats.—
Cats big and little, tom-cats great and small,
Cats long-tailed, short-tailed, with no tails at all;
Cats tortoise-shelled, and grey, and blacks, and blues,
Cats of all sexes, sizes, sorts and hues.
Turned out of house by Tom, despised by Jerry,
It can't be wondered at if I'm not merry.
I've lost my donkey, nearly lost my life,
I've lost a castle and a royal wife.
Just when I thought my fortune made, alas,
I'm diddled by the Marquis Carabas.
Stormed, beaten, rudely kicked out of the place.
Who can he be? I ought to know his face;
He's like our Jerry, but it can't be he.
Here comes the marquis, very soon I'll see. **(Hides.)**
Enter Jerry and Princess.
Jerry.—At last, sweet Amethyst, you're all my own.
Now I've a right to kiss, we're all alone.
I dont' mind telling you, it's all the same—
I'm not a marquis.
Princess.— No!
Jerry.— Except in name,
To win your hand we practised some deceit,
Princess.—You won my hand by this your noble feat—
Of arms. But tell me, how it comes to pass,
You're not the genuine Marquis Carabas?
Jerry.—The story of my life is not so long,
I'll tell it you.
Princess.— Nay, sing it in a song.
(Long. Jorry.)
Princess.—Well, marquis, though you're but a miller's son,
Here is my hand—my heart you've fairly won.
Dick.—(Coming forward.) Hold, I forbid the banns!
Jerry.— Who this is stumpling?
Dick.—Jerry, I am your brother, Dicky Dumpling.
Jerry.—Then I forgive you all your bygone sins.
Dick.—I don't forgive you though. Whoever wins
This final tussle, as reward for life,
Shall hold the castle, take this maid to wife.
Come on, then

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Jerry.— At your puny blows I scoff.
Dick.—Come on, I say! (Striking attitude.)
Jerry.— This battle won't come off.
I will not strike a brother.
Dick.— This won't do;
Nothing shall keep my hand from striking you.
(Short combat. Dick strikes Jerry down.)
Dick.—He's dead and done for! Now, my sweet Princess,
You're Dicky Dumpling's darling! (Seizes her.)
Princess.—(Struggling with him.) Here's a mess.
Unhand me, little villain, or I'll screech!
Dick.—It were unhandsome, help's beyond your reach;
Come on, the Cats can't help you here, the brutes.
Who dare defy me now, eh?
Enter Puss.
Puss.—(Intercepting.) Puss in Boots!
Let go of this sweet lady.
Dick.— For a Cat?
Not if I knows it.
Puss.—(Flooring him.) Oh, you won't? Take that!
[He falls. Enter King, Kurmudgin, &c.
Puss.—Here is your daughter, sire, all safe and sound.
King.—My future son-in-law upon the ground?
Puss.—He isn't hurt much—only just a scratch.
Jerry.—(Recovering.) I'm better now; so, Dick, you've met your match
Dick.—Go on! It is your turn at me to laugh;
But on you both at once I'll blow the gaff.
Sire, this rash youth, who's won the royal lass
Is not the noble Marquis Carabas,
He's but a miller's son, unknown to fame,
My brother—Jerry Joskin is his name.
King.—A miller's son—No marquis—dare accost her?
Kurmud.—I always said he was a rank impostor.
King.—Speak, fellow, is this true?
Jerry.— It is, and that
Smart servant there is nothing but a cat.
King.—Pluck them assunder: Drop him, Amethyst,
In his own mill I'll have him ground as grist.
Princess—Though but a miller, give him not the sack,
The *flower* of the flock, pray, don't attack.
King.—Cut off his cat's tail on this very spot.
Enter Dame Trot suddenly.
Dame.—You shan't—you can't!
King.— Cos why?
Dame.— No tail it's got.
This is my Manx Cat, faithful friend, Grimalkin.
King.—A cat like this—what, walking, stalking, talking.
Dame.—I am Dame Trot; defy me no one can!
This my Old Tom, a feline gintleman;
Jerry was kind to him, and made him merry,
Our Puss in Boots has now protected Jerry.
He had no home wherein to lay his head,
Yet we resolved the Princess he should wed;
And, with this view, this prince of knowing brutes
Became his servant as the Puss in Boots.
They stormed the castle, killed the Ogre Rat,
And won the Ogre's wealth—just think of that.
King.—Ah, well, since he'll get all the Ogre's siller,
We give consent. She's yours, my jolly miller!

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Jerry.—Thank you, my liege; we shall get married, pat,
I'll never *mill her*, take my word for that.
Princess.—I know he'll kindly treat his better half,
This miller's vows contain no grain of *chaff*.
Kurmud.—I always said—what sense the miller hath!
I hope you both may have a *flowry* path.
Puss.—And while you're kind to the inferior brutes,
You'll ever find a friend in Puss in Boots.
Dick.—Your happiness I'll ever try to wreck,
Just like a millstone tied around your neck.
Dame.—You'll be a millstone, that shall be no sham;
We'll drop you to the bottom of the dam:
And if you try their pleasure to be rumpling,
In time of *need*, we'll *knead* you like a dumpling.
(FINALE AND DANCE.)
Love.—And now, I'll take you all to realms above,
Where you shall dwell in the abode of Love.
You kept my precepts—now, without alloy,
You'll taste my pleasures in these scenes of joy.

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Dame.—In these bright regions, Jerry, you'll begin
Your happy course as nimble HARLEQUIN.
You, Princess Amethyst, will also shine,
On toe fantastic, as sweet COLUMBINE.
While Puss in Boots, to liven Love's bright grotto,
Will change at once to HARLEQUIN A WATTEAU.
You, Old Kurmudgin, cross, ill-natured loon,
Must totter in as ancient PANTALOON.
And last, with antics to amuse the town,
King Kolliwobble, tumble in as CLOWN!
Once more, let's wish our friends assembled here,
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COLUMBINE	MDLLE. LA BLANCHE
HARLEQUIN (*a la Watteau*)	MISS ADA LUXMORE
HARLEQUINA	MISS HETTY TOWERS
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Scene II.—CHEESEMONGERS AND GROCER'S SHOP IN TOWN.

Hollo! here we are again—A drop too much—Cookey! cookey!—Rabbit pie—A hot argument—Creeping up a wall—One for his nob—Oh, fie for shame!—Granny good—A bad boy—Whacks and cracks—Smacks and attacks—Agility—Ability—Debility—Police on the horns of dilemma—An upset and a set up in a new line of business - Old customers - Fish! fish!—A foul business—Oh, pullet! - Crackers and squibs - Going off and coming on - Up and down - In and out Above, below, and roundabout—Follow, follow—Here, there, and everywhere—A race for life - Stop thief—SONG, "I'm not such a fool as I look!" by the CLOWN—Thumps and lumps - Oh, my head! - Hi! hi! hi!—No delay! no delay!—All the fun of the fair—Punch, illustrated - Boxing gloves A pair of kids - Rough and tumble and turn-up at last in

Scene III.—THE HOME OF TITANIA.

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